

The Marble Hill Press

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MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

The weather man is beginning to be recognized again as a human being.

A German prince has married a circus rider. She must have taken good care of her salary.

The Boston Herald convicts Gen. Kuropatkin of a split infinitive. All is lost, general; even honor.

No one who has ever seen the Czech language in print will wonder that the Germans object to it.

When things are dull King Leopold can always be depended upon to come to the front in some unlovely way.

Not only should the automobiles wear numbered tags, but they should be required to eat cachou for their breath.

Marie Corelli has just been celebrating her fortieth birthday. The rest of the alliteration is sufficiently familiar.

According to the Boston Globe, a major in the Russian army gets only about \$150 a year. Perhaps that is all he is worth.

Strange to say, every one who has written about the high Siamese potentate seems to agree that Prince Damrong is all right.

As far as the United States is concerned, Adeline Patti has sung her last note. Let us not be ungallant, but, thank heaven!

The Pittsburgh man who killed himself because he could not regulate a clock may find eternity a trifle more puzzling than time.

Japan certainly will drive the military experts to early graves if it persists in violating all the rules they have laid down for it.

After all it must be regarded as fortunate that appendicitis attacks only those who are rich enough to pay the surgeon's bills.

It is not in the heart of the right-feeling man to cheer so lustily for the victors that he has no tears for the vanquished and the dead.

A piece of radium will disappear entirely in about 1,000 years, but the present owners of the article are bearing up manfully under the prospective loss.

A Chicago evangelist predicts the end of the world in ninety years. This gentleman seems to have confined himself to a study of the local situation.

Pearry has deferred his next arctic trip for a year. He is convinced that the pole will keep owing to the excellent cold storage facilities in that vicinity.

General Ma has been decorated with the order of the Double Dragon and is now intent upon avoiding further honors in the shape of the double cross.

Santos Dumont says that air cycles will become fashionable in the course of time. Here is more trouble for the police, whose business it is to stop speeding.

A Patagonian king is to be on exhibition at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It is understood, however, that he has no desire to marry an American heiress.

Harry Lehr's lapdog probably does not resent the numerous changes of ribbons half so much as it does the necessity of appearing publicly in company with Harry.

Nature is also taking a hand in the reform of the Balkans. Twenty-five persons were killed, forty injured, 1,500 houses destroyed and much distress caused by an earthquake.

Prof. Richard Burton formulates a great literary truth when he tells writers in his lecture on "Literary Men and Women" that it is a great deal easier to be good on paper than in life.

The czar of Russia is going to the front. But he will be accompanied by a police force that is to be large enough to run the Japanese army if it attempts to take liberties with his majesty.

In the old fashioned log school houses of long ago in Missouri, where the boys sat on one side and the girls on the other, the latter were cheerful and generally looked on the sunny side.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That Pittsburg woman who has invented a woman's comb that will hide itself in the hair may mean well enough, but when she is the use of women is to come unless other women can see it and wish they had one like it?

The 3,300 organized school teachers in Chicago are pledged neither to purchase nor accept a box of candy which does not bear a union label. When one considers the amount of candy which 3,300 women could and would consume in a year, this fact assumes an appalling significance.

A Cleveland woman threw an alarm clock at a burglar and knocked him out of the window. That burglar is now in a position to acknowledge that a woman can throw straight enough if you give her time.

Mme. Janaschek, old and in poverty, has finally agreed to be admitted to the actors' home. It isn't it would be this way," sighs Mae Merrille, dying on the floor of the smugglers' cave, but Janaschek, in the full height of her power as an actress, never kenna'd this.

Joseph Chamberlain has abandoned his monochrome for a pair of honest old fashioned spectacles. That disposes of the rumors as to the impairment of Mr. Chamberlain's mental powers.

The critic who deplores the lack of humor in the magazines of to-day should offer them some; he will find the demand greater than the supply.

The trout season has opened—and soon, as lies the trout beneath the waters bright, so also will the fisher when he comes home at night.

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Decline," Etc.

CHAPTER TWO—Continued.

Prince growled, John looked up the road.

"There's someone coming," he said. Jessie turned and saw Miss Malden approaching. She looked at her muddy feet, her bedraggled hat and her splattered blouse and skirt.

"I got an awful scolding," she said, half to herself and half to the boy. Then for the first time she scrutinized John Burt. She noted that he was well dressed; that he was not barefooted, like most farmers and laborers; and that he was handsome and selfpossessed.

"Do you belong to the riffraff?" asked Jessie, lowering her voice so that the approaching governess should not hear her.

"Never heard of it," replied John Burt, in a puzzled smile. "What is it?"

"I don't know," said Jessie; "but my papa don't allow me to associate with the riffraff, and I forgot until just now to ask you if you are a riffraff."

A look of pain came to the honest face of the boy. Before he could speak Jessie turned to meet Miss Malden.

"Why, Jessie Carden, what have you been doing?" With a cry of dismay the governess dropped an armful of flowers and surveyed the wreck of the suit.

Jessie looked penitent indeed as she gazed at the mud shoes and the torn stockings; but contrition is a feeble flame in the heart of a child.

"Never mind the old clothes, Govie," she said. "Watch me catch a crab! I can do just splendid!"

"Jessie, that pale down and come away with me! Miss Malden sternly. 'How dare you play with a strange boy? What would your father say? Come with me at once!'"

She gathered up the flowers and took Jessie by the hand.

"Good-bye, Prince! Good-bye, John Burt!" Jessie waved her hand gaily at her fishing companion as Miss Malden turned into the path leading through the woods.

"He was real nice, and you're awful good, Govie, not to scold him!" were the words that reached John Burt as he carried his basket of crabs to the wagon.

CHAPTER THREE.

John Burt's Boyhood.

For two hundred years the Burt house has withstood the blasts of winter and the withering heat of summer. Time had worked upon the rough exterior until it seemed like a huge rectangular rock, weather-worn and storn beneath the small plateau at the top of the hill.

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When John Burt was seven years old his grandfather brought him to the old farmhouse. With the boy came his nurse and her husband, William Jasper, the latter charged with the duties of hired man. Thus John Burt began his life on the farm.

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In Boston, and Peter Burt began his solitary occupancy of the ancestral home.

Shortly before Peter Burt's return, Robert had married, and the old man was delighted when the young couple made a visit to the old farm.

The following year John Burt was born, and Peter Burt journeyed to Boston to witness the christening.

Two years later Robert Burns Burt and his wife were instantly killed in a railroad accident. The train crashed through a bridge. It was winter, and bitterly cold. Of the fifteen passengers in the car occupied by Robert Burt, but one escaped. A child, two years old, was found warmly wrapped in its traveling blanket, uninjured, on a cake of ice, a few minutes after the car plunged beneath the water. It was John Burt.

In the opinion of his neighbors, Peter Burt was crazy from the hour the news came to him. Strange stories were whispered concerning Captain Burt, as he was then called. Battered travelers along the lonely road saw lights burning through all hours of the night. They heard the old man talking or praying in a loud voice.

Upon the death of Robert, Peter Burt went to Boston and buried his dead. With tearful eyes he saw the pride of his old age lowered into the grave. Robert Burns Burt was a careful lawyer, and his will covered every contingency. It appointed his father executor of his small estate, and entrusted him with the care of his son. Peter Burt placed the boy in the keeping of a competent nurse, and returned to his farm.

Save for the occasional smoke from the chimney, there was no sign that Peter Burt existed throughout the three months that followed. His son

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